

SUPERSCAN

BATMAN
No.35

JUNE...JULY
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

IN THIS ISSUE:

*"Dick Grayson,
AUTHOR!"*

NO, NO, BATMAN !
YOUR **LEFT** FIST !
I'VE ALREADY
WRITTEN IT
THAT WAY !



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H is for
HIPPOPOTAMUS,

AND WHEN HE FINISHES
HIS SWALLOW,
HE'LL TELL YOU BOOKS
THAT BEAR THIS SIGN
HAVE THE OTHERS
BEAT ALL HOLLOW !



- ON THE COVER OF
**STAR-SPANGLED
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY
COMIC
MAGAZINE !



BATMAN

WITH

3 IN
ORDER -

EUGENE FALCON

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING THAT NO MATTER HOW FAR A CAT DROPS, SHE ALWAYS LANDS ON HER FEET! CERTAINLY IT WOULD SEEM TRUE OF THAT TIGRESS-QUEEN — THE CATWOMAN! FOR HERE, IN THIS TALE, THE FEMALE SPITFIRE APPARENTLY BEARS A CHARMED LIFE AS SHE RETURNS FROM OBLIVION AND BARES HER CLAWS AT BATMAN AND ROBIN TO COMMIT CRIMES THAT ARE AS SMOOTH AND DARK AS BLACK VELVET. YES, EVEN THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF ADMITTING THAT —

"NINE LIVES HAS THE Catwoman!"

By

JOE LANE





NEW INMATES ARRIVE AT THE STATE WOMAN'S PRISON, AMONG THEM ONE WHO IS CONSPICUOUS FOR HER EXOTIC BEAUTY, HER FELINE GRACE...

CAREFUL, DEARIE... DON'T TRIP OVER YOUR LONG CLAWS!

HEE! HEE!

YES, IT IS THAT NOTORIOUS BANDIT PRINCESS - THE CATWOMAN!

NOW THE LEFT HAND, PLEASE!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS... IT AIN'T EVERY DAY THEY GET A PAW-PRINT!

HEE! HEE!



YOU WILL WEAR THESE CLOTHES NOW! ALL PERSONAL EFFECTS WILL BE KEPT FOR YOU UNTIL YOUR RELEASE!

PLEASE... I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK...



MAY I KEEP THIS LOCKET? IT HAS MY MOTHER'S PICTURE. SHE DIED WHEN I WAS SO YOUNG... IT'S ALL I HAVE...

HM... WELL... ALL RIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, THE CATWOMAN ENGAGES THE PRISON MATRON IN CONVERSATION, SUBTLY DRAWING ATTENTION TO HER LOCKET...

WHAT KIND OF STONE IS THAT?

IT COMES FROM CEYLON! THE GEM IS CALLED A CATSEYE!



CLOSER, CLOSER, THE CATWOMAN BRINGS THE STRANGE CRYSTAL! HER VOICE BECOMES SOFT, DEEP-THROATED - A CAT'S PURR!

SEE... SEE THE OPALESCENT REFLECTIONS FROM WITHIN... SEE HOW IT SHINES LIKE A CAT'S EYE...





THERE IS NO RESISTING THE GEM'S UNEARTHLY BLAZE... CATWOMAN'S HYPNOTIC, PURRING VOICE...

LOOK AT THE CATSEYE... DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT!... NOW, TAKE YOUR KEYS AND OPEN MY CELL DOOR...

YES... THE KEYS... DOOR...

THUS, BY EMPLOYING THE GEM THAT IS HER NAMESAKE, THE CATWOMAN ESCAPES JAIL!



BUT CATWOMAN'S RETURN TO HER UNDERWORLD MOB IS NOT SO SUCCESSFUL ...

WELL, BOYS, NOW THAT I'M FREE WE CAN PULL SOME BIG JOBS!

SORRY, CATWOMAN, BUT YOU'RE THROUGH!

THE BATMAN ALWAYS STOPS YOU, COLD!



LATER...

I NEED THE BOYS IF I EXPECT TO REBUILD MY CRIME EMPIRE! I'VE GOT TO REGAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE... BUT HOW?

PURR-RR-RR!
PURR-RR-RR!
PURR-RR-RR!



OF COURSE! HECATE, YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! THE UNDERWORLD IS SUPERSTITIOUS— SO I WILL PROVE TO THEM THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED!

PURR-RR-RR!
PURR-RR-RR!

WITH THE HELP OF TWO STILL FAITHFUL GANGSTERS, CATWOMAN BUILDS HERSELF A NEW HIDEOUT— / THE CAT-ACOMBS.

IT'S A PERFECT MAZE... A LABYRINTH OF PASSAGEWAYS... AND I ALONE KNOW THE ONLY EXIT!



THAT NIGHT— A MEETING WITH HER FORMER HENCHMEN...

I'VE CALLED YOU HERE TO PROVE THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED— THAT I HAVE NINE LIVES LIKE THE LEGENDARY LIVES OF A CAT!

HA! HA!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

HUH?



WE DON'T LIKE DAMES WHO THINK THEY CAN TRY FANCY JOKES ON US. THIS'LL TAKE AWAY ONE O' YER NINE LIVES!

LOOK! SHE'S STILL STANDIN'!

I STILL HAVE EIGHT LIVES LEFT! I'M WILLING TO SACRIFICE ANOTHER ONE IF SOMEONE WILL USE A KNIFE THIS TIME...JUST SO YOU'LL BE CONVINCED!



IT JUST BOUNCED OFF 'ER!

WE'RE CONVINCED, CATWOMAN! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR OTHER SEVEN LIVES!

IF THEY ONLY KNEW THAT I HAD ARRANGED FOR MIKE TO FIRE BLANKS AND FOR PETE TO THROW A RUBBER KNIFE!



AND SO, BY CAT CUNNING, THE CATWOMAN AGAIN RULES AS PRINCESS OF PLUNDER!

OUR FIRST JOB WILL BE HIJACKING A CARGO OF INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS BEING SHIPPED BY DIRIGIBLE.

YES, MA'AM!
YES, MA'AM!
YES, MA'AM!



THAT NIGHT AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE, ALIAS BATMAN!

HI, BRUCE! ANY LUCK SHADOWING THE CATWOMAN'S OLD GANG? ANY LEAD TO HER?

YES, I SPOTTED ONE OF HER BOYS TALKING WITH A JEWEL FENCE. THAT MEANS SHE'S PLANNING A JEWEL ROBBERY. BUT WHERE?



NOW OUR NIGHTLY NEWS ROUNDUP! POLICE ARE SEARCHING FOR THE BANDITS WHO STOLE A BILLBOARD BLIMP...

A BLIMP! OF COURSE! THAT CARGO OF DIAMONDS BEING SHIPPED BY DIRIGIBLE...TONIGHT! DICK, WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH A CAT AND SOME RATS!

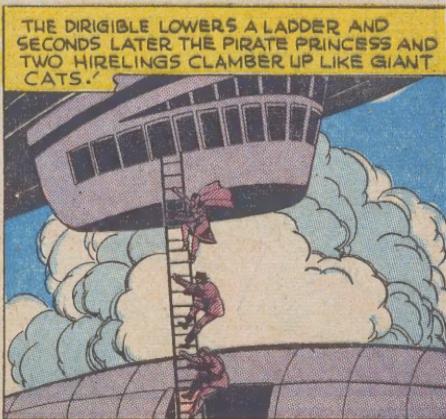




SOMEWHERE IN THE CLOUDY NIGHT-SKY OVER GOTHAM CITY, A DIRIGIBLE RIDES THE WIND... WHEN A TINY BALLOON SAILS NEAR...



IT ADVERTISES—CRIME! FOR, THE FLASHING NEON SIGNS WHICH AUTOMATICALLY PRODUCE ANY COMBINATION OF LETTERS, SPELL OUT...



BUT UNOBSERVED AND BLENDING WITH THE NIGHT-SKY, SOMETHING DROPS STRAIGHT DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS! THE BAT-GYRO!



THE LOCKS WILL KEEP THE BATGYRO LATCHED ONTO THE ROOF WHILE WE GO DOWN...



HOOKING A LADDER ON THE DIRIGIBLE'S OUTER SKIN, THE DARING DUO DESCENDS!





AND IN THE CARGO ROOM, THE CRIME-BUSTERS EXPLODE INTO ACTION!

HELLO, CATWOMAN! HOW'S THE AIR UP HERE?

BATMAN!

WE'VE BLOCKED THE DOOR! SHE CAN'T GET OUT! OH-OH! WATCH THESE TWO RATS ... I'M GOING AFTER HER.

OKAY, BUT WATCH YOURSELF! SHE'S TRICKY!

PADDING SWIFTLY ALONG THE CATWALK, THE CATWOMAN SEEKS ESCAPE FROM HER RELENTLESS PURSUER!

LIKE A BOLT OF BLACK LIGHTNING SHE STREAKS UP THROUGH AN EMERGENCY HATCH SET IN THE DIRIGIBLE ROOF...

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT FEMALE SPITFIRE! SHE'S FAST.

AND NOW, SKY-HIGH, BATMAN AND CATWOMAN MEET AGAIN!

SORRY... BUT YOU'RE NOT SENDING ME TO JAIL AGAIN!

THEN IT HAPPENS! A STRONG CROSS-WIND HITS THE DIRIGIBLE AND—

UHHH...

LOOK OUT!

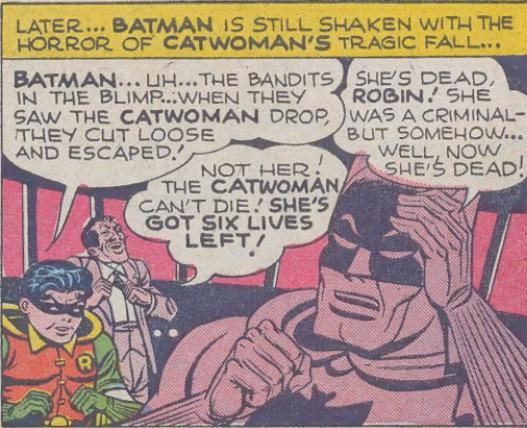


LATER... BATMAN IS STILL SHAKEN WITH THE HORROR OF CATWOMAN'S TRAGIC FALL...

BATMAN... UH... THE BANDITS IN THE BLIMP... WHEN THEY SAW THE CATWOMAN DROP, THEY CUT LOOSE AND ESCAPED!

SHES DEAD, ROBIN! SHE WAS A CRIMINAL BUT SOMEHOW... WELL, NOW SHE'S DEAD!

NOT HER! THE CATWOMAN CAN'T DIE! SHE'S GOT SIX LIVES LEFT!

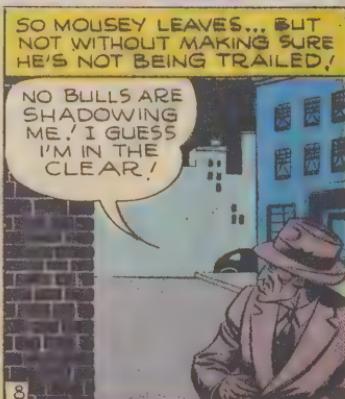


BUT PROVIDENCE... (OR PERHAPS THE LEGENDARY NINE LIVES OF A CAT!) DOES SAVE CATWOMAN... FOR SHE HAS LANDED IN WATER AND EVEN NOW SWIMS TO SAFETY!



AND SO BEGINS A SERIES OF BANDIT ESCAPADES WITH CATWOMAN MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING DEATH EACH TIME. BUT IS SHE, IN REALITY, DRAWING UPON HER NINE LIVES, ONE AT A TIME ???





BUT, UNKNOWN TO MOUSEY, HIS VERY FOOT-
STEPS LEAVE AN INVISIBLE TRAIL BEHIND-
BECOMING VISIBLE AND GLOWING WHEN
VIEWED WITH INFRA-RED FILTER
LENSSES!



PAINTING THE FLOOR
AROUND THAT CHAIR
WITH INFRA-RED
PAINT WAS A SLICK
IDEA! MOUSEY
GOT THE STUFF
ALL OVER HIS
SHOES! NOW
WE CAN TRAIL
HIM!

THAT'S USING
ONE OF THE
CATWOMAN'S
OWN MEN AS
A DUPE-AS A
CAT'S PAW!



LATER... THE OUTSKIRTS
OF TOWN ...

THIS IS WHAT WE'VE
BEEN SEARCHING FOR!
THE CATWOMAN'S
LAIR! COME ON!



BUT EVEN AS THEY ENTER,
AN IRON DOOR CLANGS
DOWN BEHIND THEM!
SEEMING TO COME FROM
NOWHERE, YET FROM
EVERWHERE, PURRING
CONTENTEDLY...

GOOD EVENING, BATMAN!
HOW YOU TRAILED MY
MAN I DON'T KNOW,
BUT YOU ARE IN HERE-
AND YOU'LL STAY
HERE!

CLANG!



"THERESIS"? THAT'S IT!
THESEUS, THE MYTH-
ICAL GREEK HERO!
REMEMBER? WHEN HE
WENT INTO THE
LABYRINTH TO SLAY
THE MINOTAUR, HE USED
A SKEIN OF SILK THREAD
TO FIND HIS WAY
OUT!

AND WE'VE
GOT OUR
SILKEN ROPES!





AFTER TYING THEIR ROPES TOGETHER AND FASTENING ONE END IN THE STARTING CORRIDOR, THE DUO PLAYS OUT THE CORD BEHIND THEM AS THEY BEGIN EXPLORING...



CAREFULLY, THEY SIZE UP EACH CORRIDOR, ALWAYS AVOIDING THOSE THE TRAILING ROPE IS IN...



MINUTES CRAWL BY WITH TORTUROUS, FUNERAL PACE! FINALLY...



AT LAST, JUST AS THEY ARE READY TO GIVE UP HOPE...



A MICROPHONE! PROBABLY HAD OUTLETS IN THE CORRIDORS! NO WONDER HER VOICE CAME FROM ALL OVER!



AN EAGLE'S NEST PERCHED ON A HIGH PRECIPICE OVERLOOKING A WATERFALL — THE HOME OF CARL GIBBS!



AND DARTING THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT, HER LITHE BODY POISED, HER EYES GLEAMING IN THE DARK — THE CATWOMAN!



INSIDE IS MILLIONAIRE GIBBS' PRICELESS COLLECTION OF WEAPONS FROM THE CORNERS OF THE WORLD, FROM EVERY CENTURY...



THEN INTO THIS ROOM DRIFTS THE SUAVE, MENACING PURR OF THE TIGRESS QUEEN!



HOW ABOUT ADDING US TO YOURS?



LIE DOWN! YOU'VE SHOT YOUR BOLT FOR TODAY!



YOU!... WHY DO YOU PLAGUE ME? I'LL KILL YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!



RATHER IRONIC THAT YOUR NINTH LIFE SHOULD BE IMPERILED BY A CAT-O-NINE TAILS!





SUDDENLY THE CATWOMAN WHIRLS LIGHTLY AND WITH LONG, AGILE BOUNDS CATAPOULTS INTO THE NIGHT!



WANT TO BET
I DO?



BUT EVEN THE CATWOMAN'S QUICK EYES DO NOT SPY THE HALF-BURIED BOULDER IN HER PATH! THE TRACTOR IS SUDDENLY KICKED OFF BALANCE AND— CATASTROPHE!

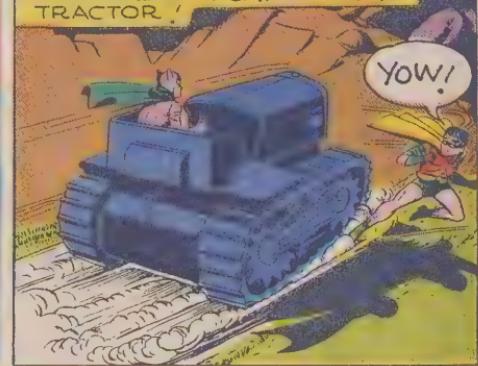


NO YOU
DON'T!



AND NOW THE CATWOMAN ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE—IN A CATERPILLAR TRACTOR!

YOW!



AND SO VERY FAR DOWN BELOW THE THUNDERING CATARACT WAITS FOR THE CATWOMAN!

STRANGE,
SHE SHOULD
DIE THAT
WAY...



I WONDER IF SHE
REALLY IS DEAD? I
WONDER IF MOCKING
FATE ISN'T WORKING
TO PROTECT THE CAT-
WOMAN'S NINTH LIFE...
FOR SHE HAD ONE LIFE
LEFT! I WONDER....???

12
The End

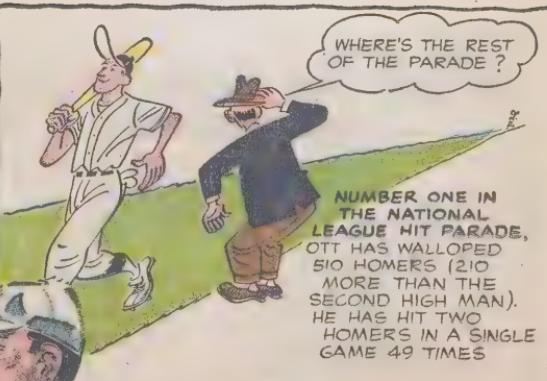
"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



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OTT HOLDS SIX MAJOR NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIPS. EVERY TIME HE HITS A HOMER, SCORES OR DRIVES IN A RUN, DRAWS A WALK, OR HITS FOR AN EXTRA BASE -- HE SENDS A LEAGUE RECORD ZOOMING



NUMBER ONE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE HIT PARADE, OTT HAS WALLOPED 510 HOMERS (210 MORE THAN THE SECOND HIGH MAN). HE HAS HIT TWO HOMERS IN A SINGLE GAME 49 TIMES



CHAMPION RECORD BREAKER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IS THE OUT-FIELDER-MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS

"THE DISH I TAKE FOR STARTING MY BREAKFAST IS THAT GOOD OLD FAVORITE, WHEATIES--'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,'" SAYS CHAMPION MEL OTT. "WHEATIES WITH PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT REALLY HIT THE SPOT." A SWELL TRAINING DISH TOO! GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES--WHEATIES. LOADED WITH THE KIND OF CHAMPION NOURISHMENT YOU CAN USE PLENTY OF.



YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT THE BATTING FORM OF BIG LEAGUE HITTERS (LIKE MEL OTT) IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?"--ONE OF 14 BOOKS IN WHEATIES FAMOUS LIBRARY OF SPORTS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS

BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

• WONDER •

AN ETERNITY OF TIME AGO, LONG, LONG BEFORE THERE WERE PLANES, SKY-SCRAPERS AND RADIOS, A HORDE OF GIANT MAMMALS AND REPTILES RULED THE EARTH. THESE PREHISTORIC CREATURES WERE THE WORLD'S FIRST OUTLAWS, DEFYING PUNY CAVE-MAN BY DAY AND NIGHT.

WHEN FATE CONTRIVES
TO PIT THE BATMAN AND
ROBIN THE BOY WONDER
AGAINST THIS MAMMOTH
LEGION FROM THE MIST OF
TIME - WITH NOTHING TO
AID THE DYNAMIC DUO
BUT THEIR RAZOR
WITS AND BARE
HANDS - ONLY THE
FITTEST CAN SURVIVE.
THIS THEN IS THE PERIL-
OUS ISSUE INVOLVED IN -

**"DINOSAUR
ISLAND!"**





IN THE LUXURIOUS OFFICE OF MURRAY WILSON HART, MASTER SHOWMAN AND SPECIALIST IN THE SPECTACULAR...

MY NEXT SHOW FOR THE PUBLIC MUST BE TERRIFIC... GREATER THAN MY LAST AQUA CARNIVAL, EVEN MORE COLOSSAL THAN MY RECENT ICE FROLICS.'



YES, MR. HART!

I'VE GOT IT! THIS MILLION-YEAR OLD MAMMOTH THEY JUST FOUND FROZEN IN A GLACIER. I'M INSPIRED!

YES, MR. HART!

PREHISTORIC MAMMOTH FOUND IN SIBERIA - PERFECTLY PRESERVED BY GLACIER

MINUTES LATER, AND A NEW MURRAY WILSON HART PRODUCTION IS UNDER WAY...

KNOW WHAT WERE THE BIGGEST THINGS THAT EVER WALKED ON EARTH?... THE DINOSAURS AND OTHER MONSTERS OF THE PREHISTORIC AGES! I'M GOING TO REVIVE THEM - FOR MY NEXT SHOW. I'LL LEASE AN ISLAND FOR THIS SUPER-SPECTACLE... WE'LL CALL IT DINOSAUR ISLAND!

YES, MR. HART!

GANG, DO YOU

A MINIATURE MODEL OF DINOSAUR ISLAND IS MADE...

WE'LL HAVE THESE TWO ON THE NORTH SHORE...

FINE... FINE...



THE NEXT DAY...

THE REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE OUTSIDE, SIR!

OKAY, BE
RIGHT WITH
THEM WHEN
I'VE OKAYED
THESE
SKETCHES!

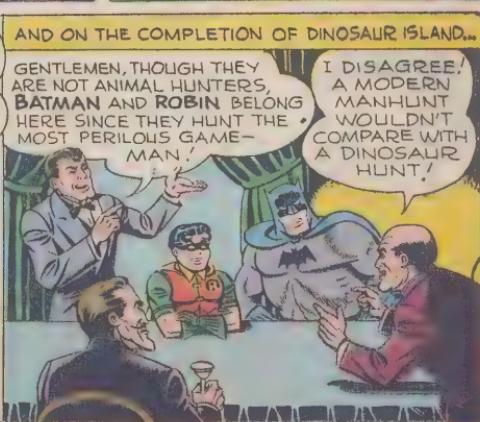
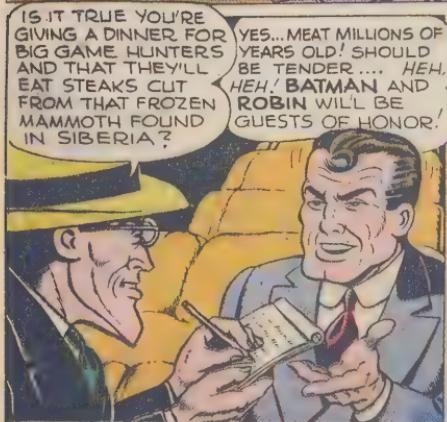


LATER... A CUTTER CARRIES THE PRESS TO DINOSAUR ISLAND...

DID YOU FIND THE DINOSAURS IN A LOST WORLD OR SOMETHING? WHAT'S THE GAG, HART?

YOU'LL SEE IN
JUST A FEW
MINUTES!











ISN'T BREACH PLAYING HOP UP ON
KIND OF ROUGH? IF THIS ISLE!
THAT ROBOT STYRACOSAURUS
WHAT YOU SAID—
HAD HIT US, WE'D BE
PLAYING HARPIS.



ROBIN!



THE BOY'S TRAINED MUSCLES RESPOND! ONE HAND IS THROWN OUT... STRAINING...

UH!



BUT BATMAN IS IN TROUBLE!



INTO THE WATER PLUNGES THE HEAD! BATMAN IS HELD UNDER! HIS LUNGS THREATEN TO BURST... PINWHEELS OF AGONY, WHIRL IN HIS BRAIN...

GOT TO TRY SOMETHING!... THAT- DEAD- BRANCH...



THE WEAPON STABS DEEP, PIERCING THE MECHANICAL MONSTER'S MOTOR - AND THE JAWS GO SLACK, RELEASING BATMAN!

AIR...

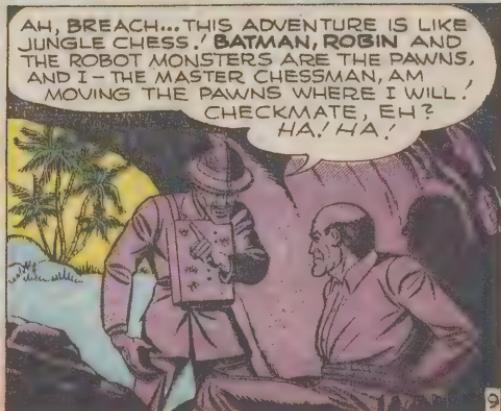


IT'S ABOUT TIME WE TOLD OFF BREACH! BREACH, CAN YOU HEAR ME? OUR AGREEMENT WAS FOR A GAME! WE'RE NOT PLAYING FOR KEEPS - BUT YOU SEEM TO BE!

HA! HA!







JUNGLE NIGHT! CHASE SLEEPS—BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN, LIKE SUDDENLY CAGED WILDLIFE, ARE APPREHENSIVE, RESTLESS...

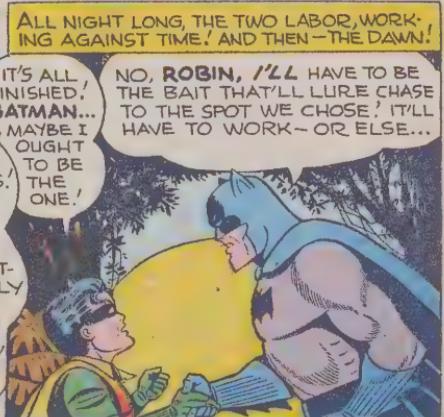
WISH I COULD SLEEP!... FUNNY, I THOUGHT I'D BE SCARED, BUT I'M NOT. . . . GUESS WE'RE IN OVER OUR HEADS THIS TIME!...

BATMAN'S WORRIED . . . EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T ACT IT!

ROBIN'S TAKING THIS OKAY!... HE'S A GREAT KID... I WON'T LET HIM DOWN. I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING . . . I'VE GOT TO.

IF ONLY WE HAD YOUR UTILITY BELT! OR THE BATPLANE...

MAYBE WE HAVE!



ALONE NOW, BATMAN WAITS! SOON, LUMBERING THROUGH THE FOREST—A PROCESSION OF THE DAWN WORLD!



CURIOUSLY, BATMAN STANDS ROOTED TO THE SPOT. THE PREHISTORIC ARMY CLOSES IN, CUTTING OFF ESCAPE.





AND A FEW HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND THE LINE OF BATTLE IS—
ROBIN!



ROBIN'S KNIFE SLICES THE VINE ROPE! THE SAPLING SPRINGS FREE—AND THE BOY WONDER IS CATAPOULTED THROUGH THE SKY LIKE A ROCKET!



A HUMAN GLIDER, HE PICKS UP THE STRONG WIND, SOARING ON, TILL AT LAST...



AERIAL ATTACK AGAINST ARMORED TANKS OF THE PAST!

HECK... I MISSED HIM WITH MY HOME-MADE BOMB.

A BAG... FILLED WITH WATER!

ONCE AGAIN THE HUMAN GLIDER RETURNS FOR A BOMBER ATTACK ON THIS PREHISTORIC PANZER DIVISION!

FRANTICALLY, CHASE MASSES HIS ARMY! A LONG-NECKED DIPLODOCUS HEAD SHOOTS UP LIKE A BARRAGE BALLOON—JUST TOO LATE!





WATER BURSTS OVER THE CONTROL BOARD, SHORT-CIRCUITING THE ELECTRIC WIRES-AND THE ROBOT-MONSTERS LITERALLY DIE! /

CAUGHT IN YOUR OWN TRAP, MR. HUNTER?



WHAT'S WRONG BIG SHOT... AFRAID YOUR QUARRY MIGHT SHOW HIS TEETH?...



...OR HIS KNUCKLES! THE HUNT'S OVER!



LATER... WHEN THE REPORTERS RETURN AFTER THE 36 HOURS, A SURPRISE AWAITS THEM...

WHY DID CHASE WANT TO KILL BATMAN?



THERE... IN A CAGE... BUT THEY'RE DUSTING OUT A STRONGER ONE FOR HIM AT THE STATE PEN!

WELL, BATMAN, YOU CERTAINLY WON THE GAME... AGAINST TOUGHER ODDS THAN WE BOTH EXPECTED!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, BROTHER!

HOW'S ABOUT SOME PIX? WHERE'S CHASE?



THE END

5 INNING FLASH FINDS HIMSELF



HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION— A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY
**B. F. Goodrich or
 HOOD RUBBER COMPANY**



SCUFFY THE TRAMP

LIT. WIN



WELL, I'LL GET YOU SOME FOOD IF YOU'LL CHOP UP THAT PILE OF WOOD!



OKAY, MAM! BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MENU FIRST!

The END

Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM



NOT MUCH AROUND YET, BUT MIGHTY GOOD!

STORM INCIDENT

by Stan Carter

EDGAR JENKINS worked for Widow Watson a year before he discovered where she kept her money hidden. Quite by accident he had seen her remove it from the hiding place in her bedroom. She hadn't seen him, nor had she known that he, in his other job as handyman was checking the shingles on the roof. That's how he happened to be on the ladder that afternoon. And how he happened to peer into the Widow Watson's bedroom window.

The widow was bending down at a baseboard close to her bed. To Jenkins' surprise, a panel slid open. Mrs. Watson pulled out a chest, similar to that in which jewels are kept. But there was more than jewels in the box. Money, packets of it. Enough, Jenkins thought, to let a man live in luxury the rest of his life. His eyes glowed evilly as he watched his aged employer remove some bills. "Probably my measly salary," Jenkins thought bitterly, "and her saying she isn't too well off!" Now, to Jenkins, another mystery was explained. How Mrs. Watson had paid him every month without ever going to a bank.

He recalled, as he watched the woman carefully replace the box, how she had agreed to employ him when no one else in town would. Jenkins had just finished a term for petty larceny. Yesterday, he had visited the parole board for the last time, his year of probation was up.

Yes, he thought of those things. But his craze for money was upon him again, so they left him cold. Craftily, he studied the location of the secret button on the baseboard. "I'd be able to find that in the dark," he told himself. He grinned. "Maybe I'll have to."

It was a week before he had a chance to strike. He lived on the other side of town, across the drawbridge. It was only a small shanty, but Jenkins, handy with tools, had converted it into a comfortable place in which

to live. He had also managed to get himself a second-hand car. He was glad now that there had been no room in Mrs. Mason's cottage for him. She lived there with a housekeeper, Ellen Manion, aged also and almost stone deaf.

It would be ridiculously easy to get that money, Jenkins told himself. The only thing to watch out for was a possible slip-up. He had to be very careful. Caught again, he couldn't expect to get out of jail for a good many years.

His chance came when the blizzard hit Westvale. For three days it snowed, and police and firemen, as well as the highway crews, were busy trying to keep the roads open. Secure in his cabin by the ice-locked river, Jenkins puffed on his pipe. Today the Chief of Police and his two men had gone over to a neighboring town, in response to a call for help.

There wasn't much traffic on the highways, either, and none on the river. Upriver, Jenkins learned earlier in the day, the ice was so thick that even the icebreaker couldn't get through. Even Old Tim, who took care of the drawbridge, had been told to go home. No one expected any river craft to go through the drawbridge for days.

"Yes," Jenkins reasoned, "tonight's the night!" He puffed stolidly on his pipe. It wouldn't hurt to have an alibi, either. Maybe he'd better get into town and help the road crews.

The volunteers were glad to see him. Jenkins was a hard worker and, when evening came and the foreman suggested he go home and get some rest, the handyman complied gladly. His alibi was complete. Nobody would question his saying he was asleep all night. They all knew how tired he was.

The foreman clapped him on the back as

Jenkins left, thanked him profusely. "Sure nice of you to help us out, Jenkins," he said. "We appreciate it. The worst is over, I guess, according to word from upriver. We're even getting medical supplies through to Benton."

Jenkins smiled. "Glad to help. See you tomorrow," he said. "I won't be working for the widow. She told me to stay home until the storm's over." He got into his small, but powerful car. He was very tired, but happy.

They all thought he was swell, helping like that. Well, let 'em think!

Back in his shack, he fixed some soup and steaming hot coffee. He wanted to be sure he stayed awake. He looked at the ancient clock. Seven o'clock. The widow would probably go to sleep, as usual, right after Fred Allen's program. So would Mrs. Manion.

Thus, at ten-fifteen, with his car lights out, Jenkins left his shack. There was no one on the bridge. Jenkins grinned. Old Tim was probably snoring away at home. At least this storm benefited everyone.

At ten forty-five Jenkins had jimmied open the storm window and the regular window on Mrs. Watson's house. He made no sound as he walked upstairs to her bedroom. At the housekeeper's door, he paused. A stentorian snore greeted his ears. There'd be no trouble from the Widow Watson.

But she was a light sleeper. Jenkins, you see, had no way of knowing that. Consequently, when in a tremulous voice she said, "Who's there?" and snapped on a bedlight, Jenkins acted fast. He yanked a pillow from the bed, pressed it savagely against the old lady's face. He was sure she hadn't seen him. In a moment she lay still.

Jenkins felt her heart. Still beating. "Probably fainted from fright," he told himself. He really didn't intend to kill her. Not unless she tried to keep him from getting the money.

The Widow Watson didn't. She remained in a faint, while Jenkins stole her hidden hoard. Her eyes were still closed as he tiptoed softly downstairs and out to his car. There, he gasped. Snow was falling again. A good omen! It

would obliterate any tracks his car would make.

He got in. Now, he was forced to put on his lights. Well as he knew the roads, he couldn't proceed in the dark against the blinding snow. It remained now for him to get back to his shack as quickly as possible.

He swung the car toward the river road. To his left, a deep-throated bellow sounded in his ears, but so great was Jenkins' excitement over the money he had on the seat alongside him that he failed to realize the sound's significance.

The car's wheels crunched along the snow at a rapid clip. The headlights knifed through the night. In another few minutes, Jenkins told himself, he'd be home. And safe with a lot of money.

Suddenly, he started. Just a few hundred feet ahead of the drawbridge a figure, heavily clothed, was waving a flashlight at him. The figure stood near a stalled car. Jenkins gritted his teeth. "The fool," he thought, "getting stalled and expecting help on a night like this." Well, he wouldn't help him, he thought wildly.

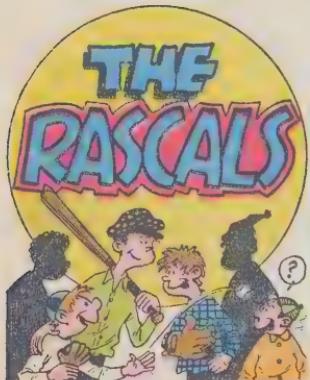
Quickly, he snapped off the lights of his car, gunned the engine. In another minute he'd be across the drawbridge, swallowed up in the storm. The unfortunate motorist would never be able to identify the car that flashed by. He could almost see the consternation on the motorist's face as the car went by. He smiled. Well, it was all over now. Another second and he'd be over the drawbridge.

Then he screamed as he felt himself falling . . . falling . . .

The icy waters closed over him. Over the car. Over the stolen money.

"I don't know who it is," Old Tim explained to the Chief of Police a half hour later. "But he wouldn't stop for my signal. I tried to tell him the drawbridge wasn't closed, that it froze open after we let the ice breaker through with medical supplies!"

The Chief of Police shivered. "Poor fellow," he said.







HURRY! HURRY!

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COMIC BUTTONS

Get a Funny-Paper Character As A
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18 NEW PIN-ON BUTTONS! They're terrific! An entirely new series of swell prizes! Color portraits of your favorites on real metal pin-on buttons! Fun to swap, collect, and pin on your jacket, sweater, and beanie!

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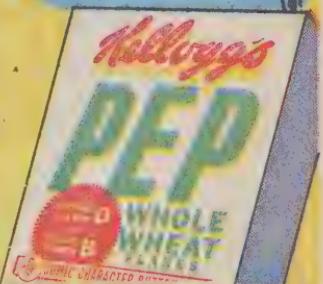
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JIGGS
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FRITZ
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OLIVE OYL
LITTLE KING

POP JENKS
JUNIOR TRACY
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SUPERMAN



SUPERMAN

Tune in every day, Monday through Friday, and follow the exciting adventures of Superman. See your local paper for time and station.



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

JOE KANE



DID YOU EVER STOP TO WONDER EXACTLY WHAT MAKES A **BATMAN** STORY? NOT JUST THE IMAGINATIONS OF A WRITER, AN EDITOR AND AN ARTIST, AS YOU MIGHT THINK! HUMAN EXPERIENCE... INVESTIGATION AND RESEARCH... A BASIS OF REAL-LIFE DRAMA—THESE ARE SOME OF THE INGREDIENTS!.. AND WHEN BRUCE WAYNE'S YOUNG PARTNER GOES LITERARY, IT IS ONLY NATURAL THAT HE SHOULD FIND HIS MATERIAL IN THE ACTUAL BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURES OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, AS WITNESS THIS EXCITING TALE OF—

"Dick Grayson, AUTHOR!"





IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

SOME PRETTY EXCITING STUFF IN THOSE COMICS MAGAZINES, EH, DICK?

MMH...

THEY'RE EXCITING — BUT SOME OF THE STORIES AREN'T VERY TRUE TO LIFE!

AN INTERESTING CRITICISM, ESPECIALLY SINCE JIM HALE, THE EDITOR OF CRESCENT COMICS, IS A FRIEND OF MINE.



I'VE BEEN GOING TO CALL ON HIM FOR SOME TIME! WHY NOT COME WITH ME AND GIVE HIM THE BENEFIT OF YOUR REACTION?

OH, BOY! I ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT A COMICS EDITOR.



AND SO, PRESENTLY...

THIS IS JIM HALE, THE BEST EDITOR IN THE BUSINESS!



SO YOU'RE DICK GRAYSON! BRUCE TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN FINDING FAULT WITH MY COMICS.

WELL, NOT VERY MUCH... ONLY SOME OF THE STORIES DON'T SEEM REAL.



MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! ANYWAY, SINCE YOU FEEL THAT WAY— WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ME A STORY?

LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE ON THE SPOT, DICK!

HUH?... ME?





THAT EVENING...



AND NOW—THE PENCIL-CHEWING PHASE THAT EVERY AUTHOR KNOWS!

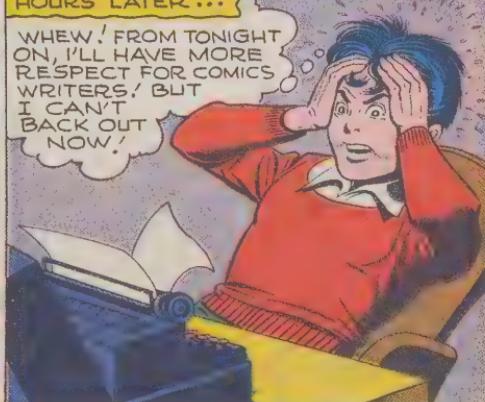


A STORY ABOUT A TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE? ... ABOUT A LOST CITY IN THE JUNGLE? ... NO—THOSE THINGS HAVE ALL BEEN DONE, OVER AND OVER!



HOURS LATER...

WHEW! FROM TONIGHT ON, I'LL HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR COMICS WRITERS! BUT I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!



MEANWHILE, UPSTATE, PRISON GATES HAVE SWUNG OPEN TO BEGIN A GRIPPING HUMAN DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.



IF THE POLICE WILL LET ME, I'LL PROVE THAT CROOKS WHO REALLY WANT TO REFORM CAN BE TRUSTED TO THE LIMIT!





IN THE SHADY
STREETS OF
GOTHAM CITY'S
UNDERWORLD...

BIG ED,
CONROY!
HOW'D YOU
GET OUT?

I CONVINCED
THE PAROLE BOARD
I WAS ON THE LEVEL,
BERT. HOW WOULD
YOU AND SPIKE LIKE
JOBS WORKING FOR
ME—REAL
HONEST
JOBS?

IT'S THE
BREAK I BEEN
LOOKING FOR!

ME, TOO! SINCE I
GOT OUT OF STIR
NOBODY'LL GIVE
ME A JOB—AN'
I'VE GOT A WIFE
AN' TWO KIDS TO
SUPPORT!

BIG ED TALKS TO OTHERS WHO HAVE SEEN
THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS... AND LAST
OF ALL TO POLICE COMMISSIONER
GORDON!

THESE ARE ROGUES'
GALLERY PORTRAITS
OF THE BOYS I'VE
PICKED, COMMISSIONER.
I'LL GUARANTEE
THEY'LL MAKE
GOOD!

HMM...
NEITHER YOU
NOR THEY
WILL FIND
IT EASY!

A PAYROLL
MESSINGER SERVICE
OPERATED BY EX-
CONVICTS WILL
HAVE A TOUGH
TIME FINDING
CUSTOMERS.

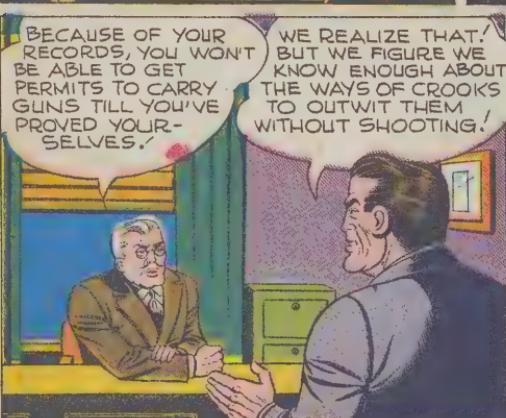
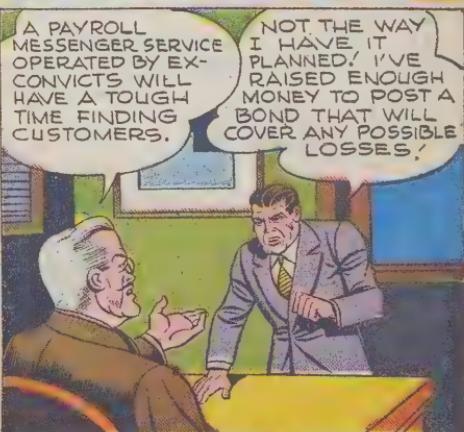
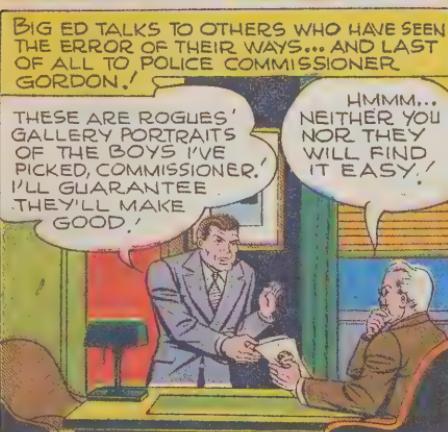
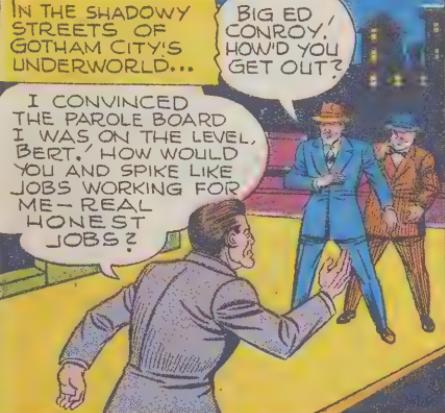
NOT THE WAY
I HAVE IT
PLANNED! I'VE
RAISED ENOUGH
MONEY TO POST A
BOND THAT WILL
COVER ANY POSSIBLE
LOSSES!

BECAUSE OF YOUR
RECORDS, YOU WON'T
BE ABLE TO GET
PERMITS TO CARRY
GUNS TILL YOU'VE
PROVED YOUR-
SELVES!

WE REALIZE THAT!
BUT WE FIGURE WE
KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT
THE WAYS OF CROOKS
TO OUTWIT THEM!
WITHOUT SHOOTING!

IN THAT CASE,
YOU'VE GOT
THE POLICE
DEPARTMENT'S
OKAY! GO
AHEAD—AND
GOOD LUCK!

THANKS,
COMMISSIONER!
I KNEW WE
COULD COUNT
ON YOU, ONCE
YOU WERE
CONVINCED WE
WERE SINCERE.



AND SO IS BORN THE SECURITY MESSINGER SERVICE. BUT ONE NIGHT...

WHERE DOES THAT GUY THINK HE'S GOIN'?

HE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE! WE'RE GONNA CRASH!

AT APPROXIMATELY THE SAME MOMENT, IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! A WHOLE WEEK NOW, AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE GHOST OF AN IDEA FOR A STORY!

LISTEN! THE POLICE RADIO!

ALL MIDTOWN SCOUT CARS - ATTENTION!

ARMORED TRUCK IN ACCIDENT AT SEVENTH AND FOREST. CITIZENS REPORT ARMED THUGS ON SCENE! MAY BE / HOLDUP.

THAT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HERE! LET'S SEE IF BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN'T TANGLE WITH THOSE GUNMEN!

CAN DO!

POLICE CARS STREAK TOWARD THE SCENE — BUT THIS ONE NEVER GETS THERE!

THEM COPPERS WON'T BOTHER NOBODY FOR AWHILE!

AND THIS ONE IS DROWNED OUT, SO TO SPEAK!

DIS IS A NEW WAY TO COOL 'EM OFF.

I CAN'T SEE!



WITHIN THE HUGE VAN, AN OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH CUTS THROUGH THE TRUCK'S ARMOR LIKE A KNIFE SLICING BUTTER!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE GUARDS IN THE TRUCK, SMOKEY! THE CRASH KNOCKED 'EM BOTH COLD!

CHEE, DUKE, DIS IS AS SOFT A WAY O' GRABBIN' 100 GRAND AS I KNOW!

BUT, HIGH OVER THE STREET, TWO SHADY FIGURES PREPARE TO DISPUTE THE ISSUE.

SOMEHOW THEY'VE MANAGED TO KEEP THE POLICE AWAY, ROBIN— SO THIS IS APT TO BE A TOUGH JOB!

IT COULDN'T BE TOUGHER THAN WRITING A STORY!



A SPINE-TINGLING SWOOP.

Y!!!! DE BATMAN!

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!

SMART, ALEC! I'LL FIX YA!



DID YOU FORGET THE BATMAN'S JUNIOR PARTNER, RAT?

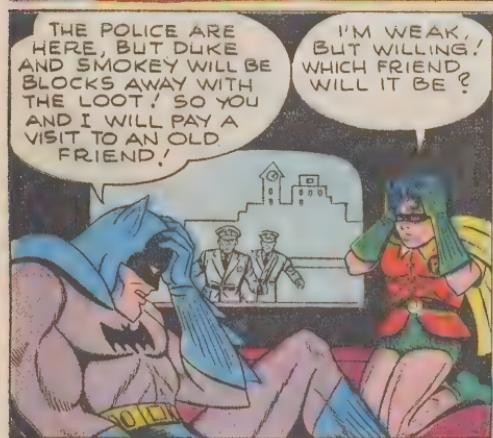
BEAUTIFUL TIMING, ROBIN!!

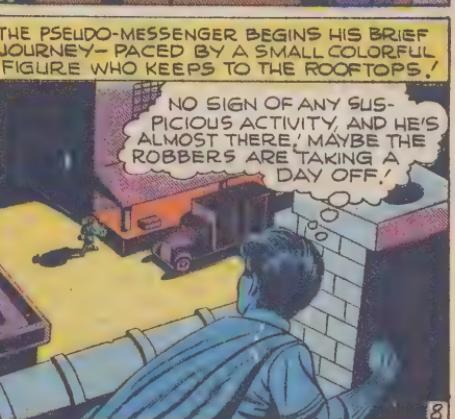
AS THE THUGS INSIDE THE VAN START OUT WITH THEIR LOOT...

DUKE RYALL, THE BIG-TIME MOBSTER, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE!

YOU WON'T BE DOIN' THAT VERY LONG, BRAT!







IN THE GLASS
FACTORY...

YOU'LL FIND
THE PAYMASTER
AT THE FAR END
OF THE
BUILDING.

I'M ON MY WAY!



HURRY
UP WITH
THAT
CASH!

THIS PLACE
IS SO INTER-
ESTING, I
ALMOST FORGOT
ABOUT IT.

BUT WHEN THE LOCKS ARE UNFAST-
ENED AND THE SATCHEL IS OPENED...

WHAT'S THIS?
EMPTY! I TOLD
'EM THEY SHOULDN'T
TRUST YOU EX-
CROOKS WITH
MONEY!

BUT—BUT IT
CAN'T BE!
I SAW THE
MONEY PUT
IN!



HEY! GUARDS!
TURN THIS JAILBIRD
OVER TO THE POLICE!
HE'S STOLEN \$50,000
OF THE FIRM'S CASH!

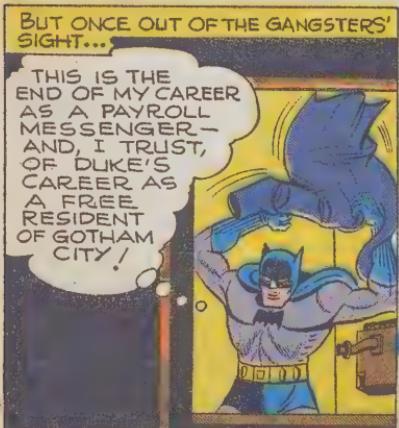
OKAY, BUDDY!
COME WITH
US!



WELL, JOE,
D'YA WANT
US REALLY
TA CALL DA
COPS OR ARE
YA READY TA
LISSEN TA
REASON?

HUH?..SAMMY
THE ZIP AND
DAGGER
CREESE! I
DIDN'T REC-
OGNIZE YOU
AT FIRST IN
THOSE COP
UNIFORMS!

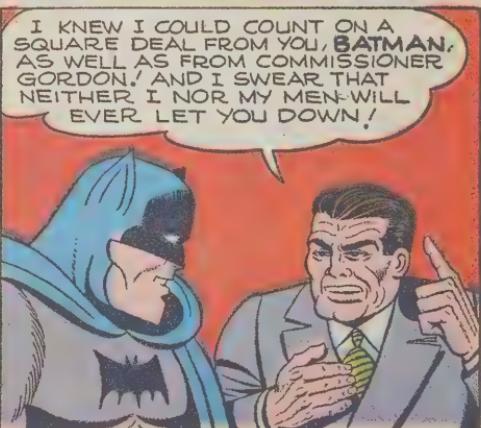






DEATH WAS NEVER CLOSER TO THE BATMAN THAN NOW.... BUT AT THIS VERY INSTANT, ACROSS THE STREET...







ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

DRAMA ABOVE THE STREETS!



See Sunset Carson in
"BANDITS OF THE BARBABLES"

A Republic Picture

ROYAL CROWN
COLA

Best by taste-test



Sunset Carson, popular cowboy star, tried leading colas in paper cups and picked one best tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it yourself. Say, "R.C. for me." That's the quick way to get a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test.

How THOM MCAN WITH HIS MAGIC SAVED THE SUNKEN SUB

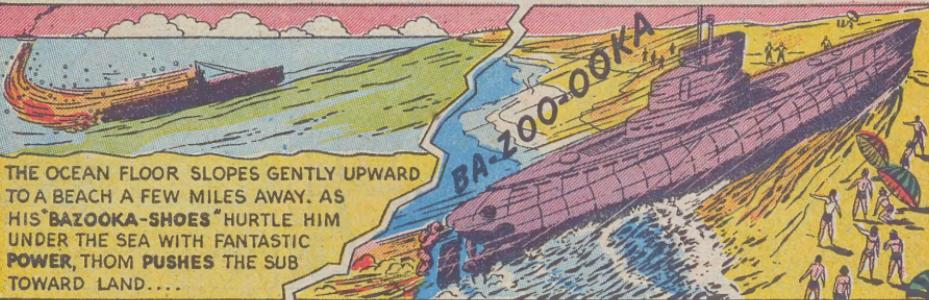
WITH HIS MAGIC
SAVED THE
SUNKEN SUB
"BAZOOKA-SHOES"

ENGINE TROUBLE HAS STRANDED THE SUBMARINE "NEPTUNE" AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!



ABOVE THE SURFACE

WE'VE LOCATED THE SUB ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN-- BUT IT WOULD TAKE DAYS TO HAUL HER UP!



...AND THEN THE WHOLE CREW PILED OUT, SAFE AND SOUND, AND CARRIED ME ON THEIR SHOULDERS.



COME ON, I'LL GET THE CAPTAIN TO SHOW US THRU THE SUB.



WAIT, NOW I'VE GOT A HOLE IN MY SHOE



TOO BAD YOU CAN'T TOUR THE SUB WITH US, LAD. COME AGAIN TOMORROW IN YOUR THOM MCANS.



WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM MCAN" - ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)

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You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesquesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.

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500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Please rush me "Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold" with Built-in Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

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Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

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FOR 10 DAYS
AT OUR RISK



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING



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Which Make This
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- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design



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Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

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ADDRESS. _____

CITY. _____ STATE. _____

I enclose \$1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

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For a time, you had to take whatever flashlight batteries you could get!

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That's good news indeed. Flashlight batteries may look alike on the outside, but that similarity is only skin-deep. There are important differences inside every "Eveready" Battery — differences that mean longer life!



"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

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